#### THEATRE TALK AND DOINGS.

MESSENGER NO. 1222 CALLS ON MES CLEVELAND IN WASHINGTON.

"The Highest Bidder" Produced at the National Theatre-Kate Claxton Gets the Right to a Particularly Agentzing Melo drama-The Strained Relations Between Water-Tanks-Happy Mr. Pond.



HAT District messen ger boy, No. 1,222, who took the "Highest Bidder" souvenir to London, has so endeared himself to the Lyceum Theatre management that he is now in their employ. At Washington on Monday he was told to carry a souvenir to President Cleveland, and on no account to return until his mission had been accom plished. The irre

pressible Sanger-that ighis name—started for the White House, by no means daunted. He arrived there in due course, and passed two servants quite successfully. At last he came to a colored man, who saw that his mission was not an ordinary

"What do you want?" he asked.

"President Cleveland," replied No. 1222. "I've got a flag souvenir to give him." "President won't see no theatrical folk with their trash," said the tinted gentleman. severely. "You jest go back and tell 'em we Ion't want none o' that business here. Why, Lawrence Barrett and Wilson Barrett called and President wouldn't see 'em. Guess if he won't see them ye stand a purty bad Perhaps it may be imagined that No. 1222 succumbed. Not a bit of it. He insisted that the tinted gentleman should carry his card to the President, and

this the myrmidon at last consented to do. In a very short time Mrs. Cleveland said she would see the boy, and he was shown into her presence and delivered his souvenir and advertised his employer.

"Well," said the tinted gentleman as the boy came triumphantly out, "That Demo-cratic President takes the cake. I tell you Lawrence Barrett and Wilson Barrett called, and he wouldn't see 'em. By goah!

"The Highest Bidder" was played for the first time out of the city on Monday night, with young Ed. Sothern as the star, at the National Theatre, Washington. The audience was a fashionable one, and Mr. Sothern was happy. At the end of the second act there were five "genuine" curtain calls. (I won't attempt to explain what a curtain calls. won't attempt to explain what a curtain call is when it ain't genuine), and there is no doubt that "The Highest Bidder" will be as successful in the District of clumbia as it was in the metropolis.

Kate Claxton has secured from Manager A.
M. Palmer, of the Madison Square Theatre, the London melodrama, by the author of "The Great Pink Pearl" called "The Pointsman." The play is said to be realistically terrible and terribly realistic. In it there is a railroad smash-up, and the cries of the tortured ones are said to be a feature of the scene. Perhaps if Miss Claxton attempts too many horrors, she will find that the metromany horrors. many horrors, she will find that the me politan appetite has a limit, even on

Messrs. Miles and Barton produced their eighty-gallon water-tank, with steam yachts and boating parties, in Baltimore Monday night and called it "Lost in New York." The alleged notification made by "The Dark and boating parties, in Saltimore Monday night and called it "Lost in New York." The alleged notification made by "The Dark Secret," to the effect that they would enjoin Messrs. Miles and Barton from using the tank, amounted to nothing, as was generally expected, although they had been notifying expected, although they had been notifying managers not to attempt to use a tank in their theatres. Messrs. Miles and Barton are very angry, and it was said yesterday that they talked of bringing a suit against "The Dark Secret" people for maliciously injuring their business by annonneing that the use of the tank was unlawful. They will probably continue talking about it.

Little Anson B. Pond, the saturnine, was Inttle Anson B. Pond, the saturnine, was in the city yesterday, positively happy. His play, "Her Atonement," which is said to require a brass band and a leading lady, made a hit at the California Theatre, San Francisco, where it was produced on Monday night, with Miss Kate Forsythe as the leading lady. Mr. Pond felt so ecstatic that he took his luncheon at Delmonico's. His bliss may last three weeks, as "Her Atonement" is "up" to run that length of time.

The advance sale at the Lyceum Theatre for "The Wife" was yesterday morning larger than any the Lyceum has ever known, which goes to show that a new stock company is appreciated among theatre-goers. The long waits between the acts on Tuesday night were due simply to first night difficulties.

Flashes from the Featlights. "Conrad the Corsair" has played to full house McKee Rankings superintending the work for his production of "Macbeth" at the Brooklyn Theatre

THE ARTIST'S LOVE.

on Nov. 38, although he is at present playing in "The New Danites" in small towns near this city. Miss Minnie Palmer has a new play by Leonard rover called '' My Brother's Sister." John A. Mackay will begin his tour in a couple of weeks under Leander Richardson's manage-

"The Marquis," at the Casino, is very population with ladies and children, and the matinees crowded. Miss Alice Chandos is said to have written a new play for Miss Grace Hawthorne called "Philan-throphy."

"The Arabian Nights," under management of Alfred Joel, opened at Washington on Monday to good houses. Owing to the great success of the flower show at the Eden Musée, the management have resolved to continue the exhibition until Sunday.

Mrs. Langtry's tour opened at Burlington, Vt., on Monday, in "A Wife's Peril." On Tuesday night she appeared in Ottawa. Next week she passes in Canada and then returns to New York, where she will play at the Harlem Theatre. H. J. Leslie, the English manager, now super-intending the rehearsals of "Dorothy" at the Standard Theatre, is building a new theatre in London in Shaftesbury avenue. It is to be called "The Lyrio" and will be devoted to English opera.

"OH, WILHELMINA, COME BACK!"

Bill Nye Takes a New Tack in Solving the Servant Girl Problem.

PERSONAL—Will the young woman who edited the gravy department and corrected proof at our pie foundry for two days and then jumped the game on the evening that we were to have our clergyman to dine with us, please come back, or write to 32 Park Row, saying where she left the crackers and cheese? Come back, Wilhelmina, and be our little sun-

our hearthstone at so much per cluster. If you think best, we will quit having company at the house, especially people who do not belong

We will also strive, oh so hard, to make it pleasanter for you in every way. If we had known four or five years ago that children were offensive to you, it would have been different. But it is too late now. All we can do is to shut them up in a barn and feed them through a knot-hole. If they shrick loud enough to give pain to your throbbing false sentiment we may feel towards them and send them to the Tombs.

Since you went away we can see how wicked and selfish we were and how little we considered your comfort. We miss your glad smile, also your Tennessee marble cake and your slat ple. We have learned a valuable lesson since you went away, and it is that the blame should not have rested on one alone. It should have been divided equally, leaving me to bear half of it and my wife the other half.

Where we erred was in dividing up the blame on the basis of tenderioin steak or peach cobbler, compelling you to bear half of it yourself. That will not work, Wihelmina. Blame and preserves do not divide on the same basis. We are now in favor of what may be called a sliding scale. We

think you will like this better.

We also made a grave mistake in the matter of nights out. While young, I formed the wicked and pernicious habit of having nights out myself. I panted for the night air and would go a long distance and stay out a long time to get enough of it for a mess and then bring it home in a paper bag, but I can see now that it is time for me to remain indoors and give young people like yourself a

So if I can do anything evenings while you are out that will assist you, such as stoning raisins or neighboring windows, command me. I am no cook, of course, but I can peel apples or grind coffee or hold your head for you when you need sympathy. I could also soon learn to do the plain cooking, I think, and friends who come to see us after this have agreed to bring their dinners.

There is no reason why harmony should not be restored among us and the old sunlight come back to our roof tree.

Another thing I wish to write before I close humiliating personal. I wish to take back my harsh and bitter words about your singing. I said that you sang like a spingle-mill, but I was mad when I said it, and I wronged you. I was maddened by hunger and you told me that mush and milk was the proper thing for a brain worker, and you refused to give me any dope on my dumpitng. Goaded to madness by this I said that you sang like a shingle-mill, but it was not my better, higher nature that spoke. It was my grosser and more gastric nature that asserted itself and I now desire to take it back. You do not sing like a shingle mill; at least so much as to mislead a practised

Your voice has more volume, and when your upper register is closed is mellower than any shingle-mill I ever heard. Come back, Wilhemins. We need you every

After you went away we tried to set the bread as The next day it came off the nest with a litter of small, sallow rolls which would easily resist the action of acids.

If you cannot come back, will you please write and tell me how you are getting along and how you contrive to insert air-holes into home-made

"You Know How It Is Yourself."

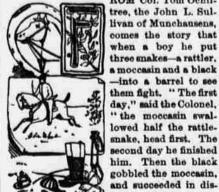
Cittle drops of whiskey
And little drops of water
Make a fellow frisky—and
Do what he hadn's oughter.
A glass of Riker's Tonis
Of Calisays Bark
Makes you feel like a "jaybird."
But won't start you off on a "Lark."
ly says it "lays way over whiskey or any
an appetizer or to "brace up" on in the

Prepared solely by WM. B. RIKER & SON, Druggists and Manufacturing Chemista Established 1846 at 353 6th ave., N. Y. Full pint bottles, 75 cents.

### SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING.

REMARKABLE BATTLE BETWEEN SNAKES TOLD BY COL. OCHILTREE.

Programme of the Seventh Regiment's Winte Games-The Coming Battle Between Jack McAuliffe and Jem Carney-Racquet Club Men in Training for a Billiard Tourna ment-Manning to Play Powers at Poel.



ROM Col. Tom Ochiltree, the John L. Sullivan of Munchausens, comes the story that three snakes a ranke a moccasin and a black when a boy he put -into a barrel to see them fight, "The first day," said the Colonel, "the moccasin swallowed half the rattlesnake, head first. The

second day he finished

and succeeded in disposing of him in two days. For a day or two the black lay torpid. When we looked in the barrel again the black had commenced to swallow himself, tail first. The second day he had swallowed half of his length; the third day he was all gone." A Connecticut Yankee who heard the tale asked, "What became of the barrel, Tom?" "Oh, thunder!" said Ochiltree, "can't you dispose of the barrel? My part of the story is done."

A main of cocks, fifteen birds to be shown on a side between four pound six ounces and six pound two ounces, and fight all that weigh in for \$100 a battle and \$1,000 the odd fight or the main, was made yesterday. It will be decided in this vicinity early in De-cember. The parties making the agreement are from Long Island and Troy, respectively.

The programme for the Seventh Regiment Twelfth Annual Winter Games, which will be held at the armory on Dec. 3, includes 93, 220, 880 and 1,000 yards and one mile runs, half and one mile walks, a half-mile rollerskating race, one and three mile bicycle races, a hurdle, a wheelbarrow, a sack, a three-legged race and an obstacle race, besides an inter-company tug-of-war and a bicycle

The coming battle between Jack McAuliffe and Jem Carney for the international lightweight championship is going to be a desperate one. McAuliffe has entirely recovweight championship is going to be a desperate one. McAuliffe has entirely recovered from his illness, which, as THE EVENING WORLD representative said all along, was never of the character rumored, and is as strong as a bull and as frisky as a colt. The battle will be decided as most big fights are, a day or so before the 23d of November, for which it is set down, and it will probably be fought in the neighborhood of Boston. Two hundred and fifty dollars is the price of a ticket. McAuliffe will take things a little easy this week while Dempsey is away in Wilmington—the middle-weight champion bet the light-weight champion a bottle of wine that he wouldn't be within three pounds of as light as he was then when Dempsey came back, when the Nonpariel left Sunday—but next week and the week after the conqueror of Frazier and Gilmore will have to put in some big licks.

The crack amateurs of the New York Racquet Club are in steady practice for a billiard tournament which will be played at an early

The fifteen ball pool match, best twenty-one in forty-one games, for \$200, which has been posted with Billy Sexton, between Charley Manning, of New York, and Albert Powers, of Chicago, the champion of the Western country, will be decided at the Col-umbia Billiard Rooms next Monday evening.

He Wanted Repose.

Barber-There you are, sir: next ! Young Bladslee (who has been out very late the night before)-Hol' on ! Hair cut !

Barber-I've out your hair already, sir.

A New Dr. Tanner. [From the Nebraska State Jou ing to rival Dr. Tanner? Hasn't eaten anything for twenty days."
'Is that so." He used to be a perfect glutton."
'Yes, but his wife does the cooking for the family now."

Not a Happy Expression

(From the New Orleans Picsyune.)
The expression, "A bloated bondholder," is not a happy one. Lots of men who hold lots of bonds are not bloated; and lots of men who hold little

It Cured Her Father.

MR. RIKER.

DEAR SIR: My father has been suffering from a bad cough for over a year, and, becoming alarmed, I persuaded him to try a bottle of your EXPECTO-MANT. I had had a bottle of your CALHAYA TONIO" and it had done me so much good that I felt strk your EXPECTO-MANT would cure my father, as it did. It stopped the cough at once and entirely cured him. Please send me a bottle of EXPECTORANT as soon as possible, as my husband has a cough and I wish to cure him at once.

MRS. H. B. KNAPP.

### CHARMED WITH THE WEST.

Marlborough's Impr the Country. The Duke of Marlborough sat at his writ-

ing-table in the Brevoort House this morning, hard at work. There were dainty little notes on the table, but the Duke was not looking at them. He had returned late last night from a Western tour. 'To tell the long story of my Western trip

in a few words," said the Duke, laying aside his pen and rubbing his hands, " is rather a hard task. My general impressions are those of astonishment and wonder. The development of the Northwest as seen by the traveller in big towns, such as Milwaukee. St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago is something marvellous. Although we are well acquainted in Europe with the progress that American railroads are making, we have no idea of the enormous advances in luxury and general wealth. The residential quarters of the great towns I have seen are a manifestation to me of a success in commercial enterprise of the highest order.

"The cities themselves are laid out to the greatest possible advantage. They are rein a few words," said the Duke, laying aside

greatest possible advantage. They are re-plete with every luxury of modern civic life, and altogether it is impossible to conceive that scarcely fifty years ago the site where they now stand was a desert prairie."

they now stand was a desert prairie."

The Duke gave utterance to this sentiment in a dreamy whisper and looked solemnly through the window of his apartment.

"I am sorry I couldn't see the southern portion of the Mississippi Valley; but I couldn't," he went on. "I think that the general mode of life among the people of the West is even more comfortable than in New England. The beauty of the residences is unsurpassed by anything I have seen anywhere. England. The beauty of the residences is unsurpassed by anything I have seen anywhere. Their stately character has absolutely no parallel in any Continental or English town. Chicago is destined to become the Pekin of America. The great network of railroads which, partly fortuitously, partly by intelligent design and partly by mad speculation, have centred themselves in Chicago predestine that town in the near future to assume almost the leading position among the commercial towns of the United States."

THE THIRD AVENUE CABLE ROAD.

It is Expected to be in Ruuniug Order on th Main Line Next Fall.

J. H. Robertson, Superintendent of the Third Avenue Surface Rallroad, said to an EVENING WORLD reporter to-day that if everytding went well in the courts the company would begin work in the spring at laying the new cable road, in time to have cars running on the main line by next fall.

on the main line by next fall.

The company will probably have about two hundred cars built. During the busy parts of the day cars will be only a minute's time apart. It is the purpose of the company to spend sufficient money in the construction of the cars to insure the comfort of the passengers.

Mr. Robertson could see no possible objection to the company's project. tion to the company's project.

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR

Contributed Daily to "The Evening World' by the Steward of the Aster House. At to-day's market prices the material for this dinner can be purchased for \$1.

Fish.
Fried Smelts. White Sauce. ROAST.
Tame Duck. Current Jelly.
Baked Potatoes. DESSERT. Tapioca Pudding. Coffee.

Dainties of the Market. Prime rib roast, 18 to 20c.
Porterbouse steak, 25c.
Birloin steak, 18 to 20c.
Leg mutton, 16c.
Lamb bhops, 25c. to 25c.
Lamb bhops, 25c. to 25c.
Lamb hindy trers, 18 to 16c.
Veal cutletts, 28c.
Sweetbreads, 25c per dozen.
Calves beads, 15c. to 21c.
Boasting pig, 25.50 each.
Spring chicken, 21 to 21.25

pair.

Data to 20c.
Cod, 8c.
Cod Roasting pig. \$3.50 each.
Byring chicken, \$1 to \$1.25
Byring chicken, \$1 to \$2.20. ib.
Dyr-picked turkeys, 20c. to \$2.20
Squabs, \$3.50 to \$4. dos.
Beston Ducks, 18 to 20c.
Beston Ducks, 18 to 20c.
Beston Ducks, 18 to 20c.
Crdinary ducks, 12c. to 15c.
Canvashacks, \$3.58 pair.
Grouse, \$1.50 pair.
Partridge, 75c. to \$1.25 pair.
Read birds, \$1 doss.
Readbads, \$1.59 pair.
Teal, 75c, to \$6c. pair.
Capvas, 26c. ib.
Quali, \$4 dos.
Pierrer, \$3 dos.
Pierrer, \$3 dos.
Rabbits, 25c. apieces.
Venicon, 20c. te \$5c.
Woodcock, \$1 pair.
Fresh mackeral, 15 to 20c.
Woodcock, \$1 pair.
Fresh mackeral, 15 to 20c.
Spring discount of \$2.50.
Woodcock, \$1 pair.
Fresh mackeral, 15 to 20c.
Spring discount of \$1.50 pair.
Capvas, 26c. ib.
Quali, \$4 dos.
Pierrer, \$3 dos.
Rabbits, 25c. apieces.
Venicon, 20c. te \$5c.
Venicon, 20c. te \$5 Radheads, \$1.99 pair.
Mallards, \$1 pair.
Teal, 75c, to 95c, pair.
Capuns, 25c, lb.
Quall, \$4 dos.
Singlish snips, \$3 dos.
Florer, \$3 dos.
Florer, \$3 dos.
Rabbits, 25c, apiece.
Ventson, 20c, te 25c.
Woodcock, \$1 pair.
Fresh mackerel, 15 to 20c,
See bass, 18c, to 30c.

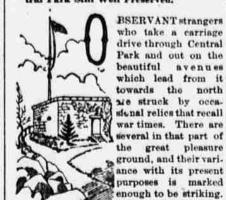
Prom the Pittsburg Chronicle.1 Mamma-Why do you always get up so cross, Precocious Child—It's 'cause you make me go to

After Every Election. (From Pack.)
"Tommy," said the teacher, " can you tell me what obscurity is ?" "Yes'm," replied Tommy; "it's a place where good many people go after lection.

## RELICS OF A STORMY TIME

OLD REVOLUTIONARY FORTS IN THE UPPER PART OF THE CITY.

The Ancient Encampment Ground Near Mount St. Vincent-Earthworks Near Morningside Park and a Redoubt at Harlem Mere-The Old Block House in Central Park Still Well Preserved.



who take a carriage drive through Central Park and out on the beautiful avenues which lead from it towards the north

Some of the old remains of former forts and ramparts have been effaced by the efforts of the Park Commissioners to beautify this charming recreation ground of the city, but

others have been suffered to remain. In the neighborhood of Mount St. Vincent down from the hill towards the west was once 'McGowan's Pass." In this vicinity an old encampment ground was unearthed some twenty years ago. It had been buried under two feet of earth, but the remains of the camp were easily recognized. An old fort and some earthworks are also left in One Hundred and Twenty-third street, near Morningside Park, So, too, an old redoubt and breastworks near Harlem Mere were not

and breastworks near Harlem Mere were not tampered with.

But one very well-preserved old land-mark crowns the highest point of the Park at One Hundred and Tenth street, facing Sev-enth avenue. It dominates the long stretches of level ground to the north, and the stone wall that runs along at the west, beyond the elevated road, more of an elevated road here than anywhere in its course. Civiling avenue than anywhere in its course. Circling around the base of the hill are the broad carriage-drives that lead to the Seventh avenue exit, At the left a wooden sign-post at the begin-ning of a path which winds up the gentle de-dictive hears the inscription: "To the Block clivity bears the inscription: "To the Block House," So, too, on the chart of Central Park, in the office of the Department of Parks, this stone structure is called, "Block

Park, in the office of the Department of Parks, this stone structure is called, "Block House, 1812."

The history of those four stanch walls is obscured by the forgetfulness of generations, which have heeded it but little after its purpose ceased. It is perfectly square. The four walls are built of the commonest stone, cemented with mortar. It is not more than twenty-two or twenty-three feet high, and it has a firm hold on the ledge of rock which was selected as its stout foundation. Time has painted it with the warm, soft tints of his palette. The rich chocolate-brown glows rosily when the setting sun bathes the old walls in its dying beams, and their cold gray is lit up by patches of lichens and mosses. At several points the woodbine has clambered up its rough sides, clothing them in mantling verdure during the heat of summer and folds of royal scarlet in the fall.

A coping slightly projects from the top, which has been boarded over. On the west side, when the pedestrian mounts the last of the ascending path, an iron door, painted a dark green, refuses him ingress. A flight of wooden steps, weather-stained and bare, leads up to the door, and the square, white walls look somewhat as if they were a mansoleum. On each side except the west, there are two port-holes, through which the party intrenched within could bring their old flint-locks to bear with murderous effect on any invaders.

The inquisitive visitor, after he has rattled

any invaders.

The inquisitive visitor, after he has rattled the inquisitive visitor, after he has rattled to the inquisitive visitor. The inquisitive visitor, after he has rattled the heavy iron door to make himself doubly sure that admittance is denied him, will probably walk around the old fort. When he sees that a rough granite block on the south side has been lifted up against the wall, he will also doubtless mount the friendly stone, grasp the sides of the porthole and endeavor to explore the dusky interior. The roof will be seen crossed by rafters, but below he can hagdly peer. These narrow slits in the thick walls are the only points where light is admitted, and they fail to illumine the interior. The walls are three feet thick in solid masonry.

feet thick in solid masonry.

Although the old fort, or block house, as one may prefer to style it, is on the very crest

Samronn's Radical Curr consists of one bottle of the of the hills, it is hidden by the tree-tops, which press around it. The bare ledge on which it is perched is swathed in broad bands of emerald verdure during the hegday of summer and soft masses of gold and scarlet when the breath of autumn has touched the luxuriant foliage. So its dim colors crop out only here and there through its brilliant setting.

only here and there through its brilliant set-ting.

Springing from the roof is a flag-staff on which on Decoration Day and Fourth of July the veterans of 1812 and their descend-ants raise the Stars and Stripes. Until two or three years ago Adjt. Jay Gould Warner used to raise the flag, but he is dead or too old to nurse his patriotism in this way. His mantle falls upon his descendants.

The quiet old walls will last for many a generation unless vandal hands does what generation unless vandal hands does what the enemies of other days could not achieve, and lay them low.

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM wins the day for Cougha

TO BUILD A NEW CLUB-HOUSE.

The New York Cance Club's Old Quarter Getting Too Small.

The New York Canoe Club has decided to

build a new club-house on Staten Island during the coming winter. The matter has not yet been brought officially before the club at a regular meeting, but will be at the annual dinner. As most of the members are heartily in favor of building a new house, the thing is

as good as done.

The new club-house will be two stories high, with canoe racks on the ground floor and a parlor and other rooms on the second Each member will have a locker for the storage of clothes and smal

locker for the storage of clothes and small canoe fittings and camp equipment.

There is some doubt in the minds of the club members concerning the site. The present house rests on a large barge, which is usually moored to a wharf at Tompkinsville, S. I. As the floor is conveniently near the water many of the members favor that style of building, but the general idea seems to be a permanent location on ground at the water's edge. If a suitable location can be found the house will be built on land. be built on land.

be built on land.

The new house has been found necessary by reason of the increasing membership of the club, which has crowded the old quarters to overflowing. As the New York Canoe Club is the oldest and most widely known canoeing organization in this country, and as it takes the leading part in international racing, a handsome new club-house is badly needed. With the new structure built, the club will be well qualified to entertain its English friends socially as well as in hardfought races. fought races.

[From a New York Letter.]
Our most assiduously fashionable girls are no shooting their own follies, but birds as they flyor, at least, they are trying to hit the winged game or, at least, they are trying to hit the winged game with rifes. Out at Tuxedo, which is the late autumn resort of the Astor set and their selected following gunning is the favorite sport for maidens and young matrons. Light, dainty, silver-mounted weapons are requeshly popped off, and sometimes a bird is hit. A pretty little gamebagis always hung at the huntress's side, and she never returns without something in it; but there is a scandalous rumor that the dead warblers are bought ready-shot from boys who make a good neome transiently out of the fad.

De Mortule Nil Nist Bonum.

[From Puck.] First Citizen—I say, old man, you look out up! What's the matter?
Second Citizen—Matter? Oh, nothing. Pre

been reading the most barefaced lies for a full hour—that's all!

First Citizen—Weil, dear boy, these are exciting time—election coming on, you know; and if you read the papers—
[Second Citizen—Who said I'd been reading the papers ?
First Citizen—What have you been doing, then ?
Becond Citizen—Been walking in the cemetery.

Answers to Correspondents. G. E. H.—Mr. Barnum lives at Bridgeport, Conn. Letters should be addressed to him at that place. W. S. P.—You will find the advertisements of eachers of boxing or wrestling in any one of the

teachers of boxing or wrestling in any one of the sporting papera.

L. E. K.—No directory was ever compiled which gave the names of all the saliors and the vessels on which they salled.

E. N.—Hoyle says (p. 219): "If the ace of hearts is led when hearts are not trumps, a player holding no trump need not play a heart."

no trump need not play a heart."

Mary.—' My husband has registered. Can I remove from my present residence to another residence in the same ward without fear?" Yes; you may move anywhere on the face of the earth without fear of the consequences. If you do not move out of the election district your husband may not out of the election district your husband may not vote. A man may move a dozen times after he registers without losing his vote, provided he moves within the election district.

## A Word About Catarrh.

fluid envelope surrounding the delicate siesues of the air and food passages, that Catarrh makes its stronghold. Once established, it eats into the very vitals and readers life but a long-drawn breath of misery and disease, dull-ing the sense of herring, transmelling the power of speech, destroying the faculty of small, tainting the breath and killing the refined pleasures of taste. Insidiously, by creeping on from a simple cold in the head, it assaulss the membranous lining and envelops the bones, defing through the delicate coats and causing inflammation, sloughing and death. Nothing short of total evadienties will secure health to the patient, and all alleviatives are simply prograstinated sufferings, leading to a fatal tersimply procrastinated sufferings, leading to a fatal ter mination. Saffonn's Radioal CURE, by Inhabition and by Internal administration, has never failed. Even when the disease has made frightful inroads on delicate counti-

RADICAL CURE, one box CATARRHAL SOLVERY and or IMPROVED ISWALES, neatly wrapped in one pactitable full directions; price \$1.00. POTTER DRUG & CREMICAL CO., BOSTON.

EVERY MUSCLE ACHES.
Sharp Aches, Dull Pains, Strains and
Weakness relieved in one minute by
the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, A
parfect antidote to pain, inflammation and
weakness. The first and only pain-killing Plaster, In-

stantameous, infallible, safe. Acknowledged by drug gists and physicians to be the best yet prepared. At al druggists, 2b cents: five for \$1,00; or, postage free, o POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston, Mass.

AMUSEMENTS. 

# NERVOUS DEBILITY.

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there was that in his manner which appeared

voice.
She laughed without so much as a flush of

"Mr. Wyndhan has gone with the rest of my worldly possessions. Did I not say that I had lost everything? You see, Mr. Carra-dine, that I am not of as much worth as my

Picture."
The words, as she said them, did not seem

The words, as she said them, did not seem bitter. He took her hands.

"Leila," he said, "does your loss make you unhappy?"

"Do I look so?" she asked, gaily. "As for the marriage, it was my father's wish; and to gratify his dying request I consented—before I knew my own heart"— Here a quick, vivid color shot into her cheek, but she went on. "There never was love on my side; and on his—well, money is more than love—with some natures. I do not wish to blame him."

Carradine's grasp tightened on her hands, "Leila," he said, "once your answer put a bar between us, when I spoke words that were surprised out of my heart. Would it be so now if I should say them once more? My love, my life, will you come to me?"

1.41 WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?"

4

which his picture hung, he found but two

he girl.
"I am the painter," he said.
She turned and looked at him with

lips.
It was you, then, on whom I forced my roses?—a princess who gave away honors un-asked. How often have I wondered since"— She stopped, turned to the can-yas, and added, abruptly, "But I was a child

him. 'You never knew my name? Then think

which his picture hung, he found but two
persons within, a young man and a girl.

Carradine could not see the faces of these
two; but, with an earnestness for which he
was at a loss to account, he followed their retreating figures as they moved slowly towards
his picture. But the next moment an exclamation of astonishment burst from the lips
of the young man.

"Why, here is your portrait, Leila! What
does it mean? Who can the painter be?"

With that, he hurried out to purchase a
catalogue. Carradine advanced quickly to
the girl.

"I am the painter," he said.

steady gaze from those glorious eyes that had haunted his visions for so many years. Then she spoke: "You painted that picture? And

how?"

"From remembrance," he answered. "It was my only tribute to the little unknown princess who crowned me once with roses. Does she, too, remember it?"

For a moment, doubt was in her face: but, as he looked fixedly at her, it vanished in certainty. A smile just touched the bright lips.

vas, and added, abruptly, "But I was a child then, and here"—

"Here you are a woman," said Carradine, completing the unspoken sentence. "Is it so hard to understand? The same power that kept the child in my heart showed me into what she would ripen."

She did not look at him now, but at the picture, as she asked, in a low voice, "And whom am I to thank for such an honor?"

"My name is Hubert Carradine," he answered, and saw at once that it was no unfamiliar word to her. "And yours? Through all these years your face has haunted me always, but your name I never knew"

She hesitated a moment, then turned to him.

"You never knew my name? Then through of me still as you have thought of me through all these years," she said, a half smile lingering about her mouth, but never lighting the great dark eyes that were shaded by some subtle sadness. The look, the tone, transported Carradine beyond all remembrance of place or circumstance into the unreal realm

companion, who presently moved towards Carradine and addressed him. "I have the honor of speaking to Mr. Car-radine, the painter of this picture?"

"The picture is not for sale." said Carradine, quietly, still regarding the young man with that cool, steady gaze which had already caused him to betray a hesitation, almost confusion, very unlike his usual easy confidence. He seemed to have an instinctive knowledge that the artist was measuring him, and to shrink from that measurement with unconscious dread.

Carradine saw Leila Auvernay once more before she returned to her home in a distant

Carratine saw Leila Auvernay once more before she returned to her home in a distant town. Then he took his picture from the academy walls and hung it in his studio, where his eyes could find it whenever he looked away from his work. For he did not give up work; indeed, he did not seem changed in any perceptible way; yet, among themselves, his friends pronounced him an altered man, and marvelled what had caused so subtle a difference. Always quiet, he now seemed to live in an ideal world of his own; and, whatever he might occupy himself with.

of imagination in which his wish was supreme

of imagination in which his wish was supreme ruler.

"I have thought of you always as my life and my love," he said, half unconsciously, his dreamy, deep gray eyes glowing upon her face. She blushed suddenly, and then paled in an instant. Just then her former companion entered the room.

"I am Leila Auvernay," she said, hastily, "and that is Cecil Wyndham, my—my betrothed husband!"

Not another word was said. As the young man approached, Carradine fell back a step

Not another word was said. As the young man approached, Carradine fell back a step and looked at the two. His was a fair, handsome face, so little marked as yet by time that it would be hard for an unpractised eye to conjecture with what lines the shaping character would yet stamp it. Nevertheless, with one keen gaze Carradine estimated both present and future.

She said a few low-spoken words to her companion, who presently moved towards

radine, the painter of this picture?"

Carradine bowed without speaking.

"Will you pardon me for asking if it is a fancy sketch?" continued Mr. Wyndham.

"Partially so, but suggested by the face of a little girl." answered the artist.

"But the likeness is so very striking!" muttered the young gentleman. I must have it at any rate. Of course you will part with it—at your own price?" -at your own price?"
"The picture is not for sale," said Carra-

to imply that it was only a temporary diversion until the coming of some event for which he was waiting.

So passed half a year, at the end of which there came a letter to Carradine. It was very brief, but it was enough to assure him of that which he had been almost unconsciously ex-

which he had been almost unconsciously expecting.

The letter was from Leils Auvernay. He went to her at once. She met him with a laughing light in her eyes, such as he had not seen there when she stood in the gallery beside her betrothed husband; a light which recalled the merry child who had smiled down on him so long ago.

"Mr. Carradine," she said, "I told you that my fortune was gone, but I did not tell you how utterly it has been swept away. I am nothing better than a beggar. Will you take me for one of your students, for charity's sake?"

He looked searchingly into her smiling face.
"And Mr. Wyndham?" he asked, in a low

me?"
"Will I come!" she repeated, looking up
in his eyes and drawing nearer, until his arms
silently folded about her.
And so Carradine found his love at lest.

ors, there happened to him something which neither time nor toil had ever been able to efface from his memory. As he was passing along the street, a wreath of fragrant roses

window, a child with fairy-like proportions, with great dark eyes, and long, curling black kisses from her curved lips colored like a the curtains were closed, and he saw the little creature no more. Such was the vision that the artist had carried so long in his memory; in his memory only, for he had no second glimpse of th shild. That very day an accident occurred

ARRADINE sat alone at his easel, painting; and as he painted, he thought, Eight years before, when he was a poor and struggling boy, just entering on that race which must be run by every aspirant to art and its hongors, there happened to Fors, there happened to

wreath of fragrant roses suddenly fell on his head; and looking up, in wonder, he beheld, reaching out from the embroidered draperies of an overhanging locks, who stood smiling and throwing him pomegranate. While he still gazed, a nurse had come forward and drawn the child away;

child. That very day an accident occurred which kept him a prisoner in his room for some weeks; and when next he went out the house was empty, and a placard with great flaring letters announcing it for sale stared him in the face, from the same window in which the little whits-robed elf had stood waving her hand and smiling to him. In course of time other faces appeared there; but they were strange faces, and among them was never the one for which he looked.

New, as Carradine as painting alone he

thought of all this; of the struggle that had ended at length in success; of his hard unfriended boyhood, and of the beautiful child with her fragrant rose crown which had seemed almost like a prophecy. That rose wreath, dry and withered now, was all that was left to him of the fair vision; but when that morning, in turning over an old portfolio, he had come upon it by chance, it spoke to him of that bygone day just as eloquently as when its blossoms were fresh and full.

"Eight years ago," he said, thoughtfully, letting the shrivelled circlet slip through his fingers alowly. "She must be near sixteen now—if she lives. If? No, I do not doubt her living presence—somewhere. I wonder where she is now and what she is like at six-teen?"

With that he placed the wreath beside his easel and began to paint. The face, as it grew on his canvas, represented a young girl in the dewy morning blush of first youth, with shadows in the great dark eyes and a half-smile about the bright curved lips, like an embodied summer sun-shower. It was thus that the artist pictured his ideal of the childwoman whose infantine look and smile, for eight long years, had been his own dream of love.

eight long years, had been his own dream of love.

Carradine had not had an easy life. An orphan from his earliest years, poor and unfriended, he had striven hard for the means to gratify that inherent idolatry for art which was always clamoring to find expression in form and coloring. He had fought, and he had won; but now, at twenty-six, he stood in the place which he had gained for himself, almost as much alone, at the very heart, as he had been eight years before, when the child's gift came to him as a prophecy.

It was not that he was friendless. There were men who liked and sought him women who would gladly have taught him to forget his loneliness in their affection. But, though his nature responded readily to any kindliness, there was one chord, deeper than all that remained untouched; and from the sweetest glances, his thoughts went back to the unknown child that had smiled down on him so long ago.

This ideal head became his greatest source of enjoyment, and a dreamy softness shaded in the stream of the shaded in the stream of the stream of the shaded of the stream of the stream of the shaded of the shaded of the stream of the shaded of

of enjoyment, and a dreamy softness shaded his dark gray eyes, as line by line and tint by tint took him back into that past which, all lifeless as it was, seemed to him in those

moments more busy than the real present. Yet now, in reviewing that one bright vision of his memory, it was not so much the lovely child that he saw, in fancy, as the beautiful girl whose face, with fuller depth and sweetness, looked out at him from his own course.

and sweetness, looked out at him from his own canvas.

Instinctively, he hardly knew why, he disliked to work on this picture in any other presence, and he devoted to it only his hours of solitude. So it happened that it was nearly finished when, by some chance, a friend discovered him bending over it, too absorbed to notice any approach. As the door opened Carradine rose hastily, turning his easel to the wall, so as to conceal the face upon it. This little stratagem, however, was destined to be of no avail. Having been marked by the intruder—one of those cordial, well-meaning people, good-natured to a degree, but with little delicacy of perception—the action at once aroused his curiosity.

"Aha, master painter," he said, with a langh, "let us see what it is that you work at by yourself till it steals away your eyes and ears. Only one peep!"

With that he leighted hand on the forms.

with that, he laid his hand on the frame, and, receiving no forbidding word from Carradine, turned it round. The next moment he was loud in praise.

"But who is it, Carfadine? If it is a portrait, tell me where to find the original, and I will, if it is a seven days' journey?"

Carradine smiled.

"If I myself knew where to find such an original, I should not be here to tell you, my good friend." he answered, evasively,

"Oh, a fancy sketch." said the other, misled, as the artist had desired. "I might have saved myself the trouble of asking. No real flesh-and-blood face ever looked like that—the more shame to Nature, I say! Of course you will exhibit it, Carradine?"

"No," answered the painter, quietly.

"No," answered the other, in surprise.
"But, my dear fellow, you must, or I shall betray your secret, and you will have a swarm of visitors worse than a plague of Egypt let in upon you."

Carradine hesitated. A chance word in his friend's speech had suggested a possibility that made his heart lean in swits of account.

ars. Only one peep!"
With that, he laid his hand on the frame.

friend's speech had suggested a possibility that made his heart leap in spite of sober "You are right," he said. "I shall send the picture for exhibition. It will be better

Carradine bent long over his easel, gazing into the lovely upturned face until it began to fade into the gathering twilight.

"If—if !" he murmured to himself, half unconsciously. "But it cannot be. Yet I will send it—and perhaps"—

And so the picture was sent, in due time; and it seemed almost as if Carradine's soul had gone with it, and drawn him to follow. Hour after hour, and day after day, he sat in the gallery, scrutinizing eagerly every face amid the visitors whom taste of fashion had brought to look at the now celebrated artist's latest success. Every night he went away unsatisfied, and every morning he returned with hope springing afresh in his heart.

Still the object of his search, whatever it may have been, did not appear; and one day, discouraged at last, he resolved to go no more on so fruitless an errand. Shutting himself in his studio, he began to paint; but, strive as he would, he could command neither hand nor fancy. Finally, tired of repeated failure, he abandoned work, and yielded to the impulse which drew his steps in the customary direction.